OXFORD OBSERVER.

"LOVE ALL, DO WRONG TO NONE, BE CHECK'D FOR SILENCE BUT NEVER TAX'D FOR SPEECH."....SHAKSPEARE.

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THE REFLECTOR.

THE WIDOW'S SON.

In a village which stands on the sea shore there lately lived a widow who had formerly seen better days. Her husband was a respectable sea Captain, and supported his family in ease and affluence. But amidst his own, and the hopes of his family, he was lost at sea, leaving his widow with two little sons, one of six years old, and the other an infant. She retired from the circle in which she had so long moved with esteem, and purchased a neat little cottage by the water's side. Here she brought up her little boys, and early endeavored to lead them "in the way they should go." She felt herself to be a pilgrim below, and taught her sons that this world was never designed for our home.

In this manner this little family lived retired, beloved and respected. The mother would often lead her children on the hard, sandy beach, just as the setting sun was tipping the smooth, blue waters with his last yellow tints. She would then tell them of their father who was gone, and with her finger would write his name upon the sand, and as the next wave obliterated every trace of the writing, would tell them that the hopes and joys of this world are equally transient. When the eldest son had arrived at the age of twelve, he was seized with an incurable desire of going to sea. He had heard sailors talk of their voyages, of visiting other climes and other countries, and his imagination threw before him a thousand pleasures could he also visit them. The remonstrance and entreaties of a tender parent and an affectionate little brother, were all in vain. He at length wrung a reluctant consent from his mother, and receiving from her a Bible, a mother's blessing and prayers, he embarked on board a large brig. He promised his mother, as he gave a last parting hand, that he would daily read his Bible, and as often commit himself to GOD in prayer. A few tears and a few sighs escaped him as he saw the last blue tints of his native land fade from his sight; for there were the cottage of his mother, and all the joys of his childhood; but all was novelty around him, and he soon forgot these pangs amidst other cares and other scenes. For some time he remembered his promise to his mother, and daily read his Bible; but the sneers of the wicked crew recalled his mind from reviewing the instructions of his pious mother and he placed his Bible in the bottom of his chest, to slumber with his conscience. During a severe storm, indeed, when it seemed as if destruction was yawning to receive every soul on board, he thought of his mother, his home, and his promises, and in the anguish of his heart, resolved to amend should his life be spared. But when the storm had subsided the seas were smooth and the clear sun brought joy and gladness over the great waters, he forgot all his promises. No one of the crew could be more profane—no one more ready to scoff at that religion which in his childhood and innocence he had been taught to love and revere.

After an absence of several years, he found himself once more drawing near his native land. He had traversed the globe, but during all this time had neither written to his mother, nor heard from her. Though he had thrown off restraint, and blunted the finer feelings of his nature, yet his bosom thrilled with pleasure at the thought of once more meeting his parent and brother. It was in the fall of the year he returned, and, on a lovely eve in September, he walked toward his long deserted home. Those only are acquainted with the pleasures of the country who have spent their early days in rural retirement. As the young sailor drew near the cottage of his mother—as he descended the last sloping hill which hid it from his sight, his memory recalled all the scenes of his "happier days," while fancy whispered deceitfully, that hours agreeable would again be realized. The hills over which he had so often roamed; the grove through which he had so often wandered, while it echoed with the music of the feathered tribe; the gentle stream on whose banks he had so often sported; and the rising spire of the temple of Jehovah; all tended to excite the most interesting sensations. He drew near the cottage, and found all was stillness. A solemnity seemed to breath around him, and as he rapt at the door, his heart misgave him, though he knew not why. He knocked, but no one bade him enter. He called, but no answer was returned, save the echo of his own voice. It seemed like knocking at the door of a tomb. The nearest neighbour, hearing the noise, came and found the youth sitting and sobbing on the steps of the door. "Where," cried he with eagerness, "where is my mother and my brother? O, I hope they are not"—"If," said the stranger, "you inquire for widow ——, I can only pity you. I have known her but a short time; but she was the *best* woman I ever knew. Her little boy died of a fever about a year ago, and in consequence of fatigue in taking care of him, and anxiety for a long absent son at sea, the good widow herself was buried yesterday. "O heavens!" cried the youth, "have I only staid long enough to kill my mother! Wretch that I am; show me the grave; I have a dagger in my bundle; let me die with my mother! my poor broken hearted parent!" "Hold, friend," said the astonished neighbour; "if you are this woman's eldest son, I have a letter for you, which she wrote a few days before she died, and desired you might receive it, should you ever return."

They both turned from the cottage, and went to the house of the neighbour. A light being produced, the young man threw down his bundle and hat, and read the following short letter, while his manly cheeks were covered with tears:

"*My dearest, only son,*

When this reaches you I shall be no more. Your little brother has gone before me, and I cannot but hope and believe he was prepared. I had fondly hoped I should have once more seen you on the shores of mortality, but the hope is now relinquished. I have followed you by prayers through all your wanderings. Often, when you little suspected it, even in the dark, cold nights of winter, have I knelt for my lost son. There is but one thing which gives me pain at dying, and that is, my dear William, that I must leave you in this wicked world, as I fear, unreconciled to your Maker! I am too low to say more. My glass is run. As you visit the sods which cover my dust, O remember that you, too, must soon follow. Farewell; the last breath of your mother will be spent in praying for you; that we may meet above."

The young man's heart was melted on reading these few words from the parent whom he so tenderly loved; and I will only add, that this letter was the means, in the hands of GOD, of bringing this youth to a saving knowledge of the truth "as it is in Jesus;" that he is now a very respectable and pious man; and that we may learn from Scripture, and from daily experience, the "praying breath" shall never be spent in vain.

THE REPOSITORY.

FROM THE CHESHIRE GAZETTE.

A PEEP AT THE INDIANS OF '49.

History is the grand spy-glass which enables us to take a view of a variety of interesting objects of antiquity at once, and generally the more distant the object the more wonderful and interesting they appear when brought within the field-view of intelligence. Hence it is, that while the ingenuity of historians has been employed in prying into the most rare foreign productions, on the catalogue of human exploits, many equally worthy the attention of the patriot and philanthropist, in our own neighbourhood, slumber in the tomb of oblivion unnoticed and unknown. Some of our forefathers, whose bones quietly repose beneath the sods of our own valleys, and whose achievements live only in the memories of their children, can boast of deeds that will be the theme of admiration to historians some thousand years hence. Their hardships, their sufferings, their preservation and prosperity in a wilderness of enemies, their heroic defence against surrounding multitudes of hostile savages, are subjects which excite very little attention among those who are now enjoying the "milk and honey" of the land, but which ought to be enrolled among the deeds of Theban and Spartan valour.

The following sketch describes one of the most chivalric exploits the annals of our country can produce:

In the year 1749, John Kilburn, the hero of the following story, came to Walpole, (N. H.) The large and fertile meadows at the mouth of Cold River, slightly covered with butternut and elm, presented an inviting prospect to the new settlers and an easy harvest to the hand of cultivation. Here he built a log hut, and for two years lived in the solitude of the forest, without any intercourse with friend or foe. He often sought opportunities to cultivate the friendship of the Indians, but on every occasion they studiously avoided him. During this time his life was one continual scene of danger and hardship, constantly exposed to the inclemencies of the weather and the secret attacks of an insidious foe. And what rendered his situation still more uncomfortable, he was obliged to camp out at different places each night, "the cold earth his bed," with a bear-skin for a covering, and a cartridge-box for his pillow, in order to avoid the midnight prowling of the savages, who were watching in concealment for an opportunity to strike the deadly blow, and who often paid their nocturnal visits at his dwelling and took from him such articles as might contribute to their convenience or the gratification of their wanton disposition. Very different is the situation of those, who are now cultivating the same soil, planting at their leisure the luxuriant corn, and reaping in ease and affluence the fruits of their labours.

In 1751, Col. Benjamin Bellows obtained the charter of Walpole, and began a settlement on land about a mile south of Kilburn's, the site now occupied by the out-buildings of Esq. T. Bellows. There was a fort also at Charlestown, then called Number Four. This addition to the strength of the white settlers induced the Indians to treat them with more respect. About this time a company came down the river, landed their boats above the falls, and invited Kilburn to trade with them. He visited their boats, bought some skins and made some presents of flints, flour, and fish-hooks. From this time the Indians continued to hunt and encamp about the neighbourhood, and the report of their guns and the smoke of their wigwams were mingled with the familiar occurrences of life.

The affairs of the settlers continued to prosper till 1758, when the first alarming incident occurred to disturb the happiness and security of the whites. Two men by the name of Twitchell and Flint, who had gone back to the hills about a mile east to procure some ash timber for oars, were shot by the Indians; one of them was scalped, the other they cut open and took out his heart, cut it in pieces and laid it on his breast.

This was the first christian blood spilt in Walpole. Their bodies were buried near where they were found, and a ridge of land the west side of the road, about two miles north of Walpole village towards Drewsville, points out the spot hallowed by the remains of the first victims of Indian massacre. The solemn impression this occurrence made upon the minds of the new settlers was not soon effaced. It is said, the guardian spirit of Twitchell continued to hover over his friends, warning them of the wiles and hostile intentions of the Indians, as long as his murderers were permitted to live. A remarkable rock in Connecticut river, where he used to fish with never failing success, was for a long time held in religious veneration; and to this day such is the propitious influence of the presiding spirit that few of the angling votaries who come to worship on the "Twitchell Rock," return without taking from the limpid stream a generous fry.

The massacre of Twitchell and Flint was the first harbinger of the rupture of the negociations for peace between England and France, and the commencement of those horrid scenes of Indian barbarity that ensued.

In the spring of 1755, an Indian by the name of Philip, who had acquired just English enough to be understood, visited Kilburn's house, pretending to be on a hunting excursion, in want of provisions. He was treated with kindness and furnished with every thing he wanted, such as flints, flour, &c. Soon after he was gone it was ascertained that the same Indian had visited all the settlements on Connecticut River about the same time, and with the same plausible pretensions of hunting. Kilburn had already learned a little of the Indian finesse and suspected, as it proved, that this Philip was a wolf in sheep's clothing. Not long after the following intelligence was communicated to all the forts by a friendly Indian sent by General Shirley, from Albany: He stated that four or five hundred Indians were collecting in Canada, whose object it was to butcher the whole white population on Connecticut River. Judge then of the feelings of a few white settlers when they learned the impending danger. To desert their soil, cattle, and crops of grain, would be leaving their all, and to contend with the countless savages of the Canadian regions, was a hopeless resort. But accustomed to all the hardships and dangers of life, they boldly resolved to defend themselves or die in the cause. Kilburn and his men now strengthened their defence with such fortifications as their rude implements would allow, which consisted in surrounding their habitation with a palisado of stakes stuck into the ground.

Col. Benjamin Bellows had at this time about 30 men under his command at the fort about a mile south of Kilburn's house, but this could afford Kilburn no protection while attending to his cattle and crops.

Kilburn and his son John in his 18th year, a man by the name of Peak, and his son, were returning home from work, about noon, August 17th, 1755, when one of them discovered the red legs of the Indians among the alders "as thick as grasshoppers." They instantly made for the house, fastened the door, and began to make preparations for an obstinate defence. Besides these four men, there were in the house, Kilburn's wife and his daughter Hitty, who contributed not a little to encourage and assist their companions, as well as to keep watch upon the movements of the enemy. In about 15 minutes the Indians were seen crawling up the bank east of the house, and as they crossed a foot path one by one, 197 were counted; about the same number remained in ambush near the mouth of Cold River.

The Indians had learned that Col. Benj. Bellows with his men were at work at his mill about a mile east, and that it would be best to waylay and secure them before disturbing those who had taken refuge in the log house. Bellows and his men (about 30) were returning home with each a bag of meal on their backs, when their dogs began to growl and betray symptoms of an enemy's approach. He well knew the language of his dogs, and the native intrigue of the Indians. Nor was he at loss in forming his opinion of their intention to ambush his path, and conducted himself accordingly. He ordered all his men to throw off the meal, advance to the rise, carefully crawl up the bank, spring upon their feet, give one whoop and instantly drop into the sweet firm. This manœuvre had the desired effect; for as soon as the whoop was given the Indians all arose from their ambush in a semi-circle around the path Bellows was to follow.

This gave his men a fine chance for a shot, which they improved *instanter*. The first shot so disconcerted the plans and expectations of the Indians that they darted away into the bushes without firing a gun. Bellows finding their number too numerous for his, ordered his men to file off to the south and make for the Fort. The Indians next appeared on the eminence east of Kilburn's house, when the same "old Devil," Philip, who had visited him the summer before, came forward, and securing himself behind a tree called out to those in the house to surrender. "Old John, young John," says he, "I know you, come out here—We give ye good quarter." "Quarter!" vociferated old Kilburn with a voice of thunder, that rang through every Indian's heart, and every hill and valley; "You black rascals, begone, or we'll *quarter* you."

Who would have anticipated this more than Spartan reply from fourmen, when called upon by as many hundreds to deliver up their arms.

Philip then returned to his companions and after a few minutes consultation the *war-whoop* commenced as if (to use the expression of an ear witness) "all the devils in hell had been let loose." Kilburn was so lucky as to get the first fire before the smoke of the enemies guns obstructed his aim, and was confident he saw an Indian fall, which from his extraordinary size and other appearances must have been Philip. The Indians rushed forward to the work of destruction; and probably not less than 400 bullets were lodged in Kilburn's house at the first fire. The roof was a perfect "riddle sieve." Some of them fell to butchering the cattle, others were busily employed in wantonly destroying the hay and grain, while a shower of bullets kept up one continual pelting against the house. Meanwhile Kilburn and his men were by no means idle. Their powder was already poured into hats for the convenience of loading in a hurry, and every thing prepared for a spirited defence or glorious death. They had several guns in the house which were kept hot by incessant firing through the port holes, and as they had no amunition to spare each one took special aim to have every bullet tell. The women with true Grecian firmness assisted in loading the guns, and when their stock of lead grew short, they had the forethought to suspend blankets in the roof of the house to catch the enemies' balls, which were immediately run into bullets by them and sent back to the savages with equal velocity. Think ye, fair dames of Walpole, could your delicate nerves command the hot ladle of lead, load the murderous gun and mingle in all the dread tumults of war? Several attempts were made to burst open the door, but the bullets within scattered death with such profusion, that soon compelled them to desist from the rash undertaking. Most of the time the Indians endeavored to keep behind stumps, logs and trees, which evidently evinced, that they were not insensible to the unceremonious visits of Kilburn's bullets.

All the afternoon one incessant firing was kept up till nearly sundown, when the Indians began to disappear; and as the sun sunk behind the western hills, the sound of the guns and the cry of the war-whoop died away in silence. This day's rencounter proved an effectual check to the expedition of the Indians and induced them immediately to return to Canada; and it is within the bounds of reason to conclude, that this matchless defence was instrumental in rescuing hundreds of our fellow-citizens from the horrors of an Indian massacre. Thus did the intrepid Leonidas not with 300 but only *three* followers repulse the congregated forces of the Canadian savages.

Seldom has it fallen to the lot of any of our forefathers, by personal courage and valour, to reap a more brilliant crown of laurels than that won by Kilburn on that memorable day. Only one of this invincible band of heroes was wounded. Peak by exposing himself too much before the port-hole, received a ball in his hip, which, for want of surgical aid, proved fatal the fifth day.

During the whole of the Indian and French war that continued till 1763 the Indians never afterwards made their appearance in Walpole.

Kilburn lived to see the town of Walpole populous and flourishing, his fourth generation on the stage, and reciprocate with them all the comforts and enjoyments of civilization. He possessed an honest heart, manifested in his upright deportment a christian temper, and died in the expectation of seeing that country where wars and fightings never come. A substantial, plain, unpolished stone, indicative of the character which he maintained, points out the spot in Walpole burying-ground, where sleep his mortal remains, with this inscription:

"In memory of
JOHN KILBURN, who departed
this life for a better, April 8th, 1789,
in the 85th year of his age. He
was the first settler of this
Town, in 1749."

His son "young John" for the last time revisited the field of his youthful exploits in 1814. After that he resided in Shrewsbury, (Vt.) with his children, till he died, which was in 1822.

One of the party of "about forty unknown people dressed like Indians," who boarded the ship Eleanor, in Boston, in 1773, and threw overboard 114 chests of tea, now lives in Cincinnati, Ohio. He is, says the *Crisis*, a temperate, hardy old veteran, and supports his family by the sweat of his brow. He often boasts of the "*Boston Tea Party.*"

MISCELLANY.

FROM THE TRENTON EMPORIUM.

FRANK VANDERHACKEN'S DREAM.

Frank Vanderhacken was one of those discontented mortals who are eternally endeavoring to wear out the patience of our good lady, dame Fortune, with a catalogue of complaints as long as the tail of the great comet we saw just before the last British war. His crops never grew to his liking—the season was always too wet or too dry—too warm or too cold. The prices of grain were forever too low, and that of groceries too high, for the plain reason that he *sold* the former and always had to *buy* the latter—because Madam and the young ladies, like good christian women, loved to set off a smart tea-table, and Frank himself was no very decided enemy to good living. But things went wrong and he was not a happy man.

His neighbours used to call him a castle-building sort of a genius; and said all his troubles arose from his dreaming himself into a very great man every night, and waking up plain Farmer Frank in the morning—and certainly it can be no very pleasant thing to wear a crown at night, whether in fancy or in reality, and be tumbled down to the plough tail in the morning—it's worse than plunging from a warm bed into a cold bath.—But however this might have been, his affairs became in time somewhat deranged, in consequence of the inattention to business which grew out of his perpetual repining. A heavy heart never drives business on spiritedly, and misfortunes sometimes come in earnest to those who take so much pains to persuade themselves they are unfortunate.

Thus were affairs situated when Frank, who from being discontented with his own situation had become envious of that of every one else, after a long walk over his farm, at this time loaded with the promises of a rich harvest, returned home, and throwing himself on a sofa, fell into a profound sleep; and directly a tall, noble looking man, wrapped up in a large cloak, stood by his side, and accosted him with "come, Frank, my name is Fortune, go with me—I have long heard thy complaints, and purpose holding a fair to-day, by attending which thou mayest probably better thy hard lot." He rose immediately and putting on his hat accompanied his mysterious guide.

Presently he found himself in an extensive plain crowded with a vast number of men belonging to all the different professions in the world. "Here," said Fortune, pointing to the great assemblage, "here are many thousands of good men, either of whom will change situations and property with you, even-handed, at my command—you may therefore make your choice." Frank thanked his good friend—his eyes sparkled with pleasure, as the crowd began to pass one after another before him, and he could hardly refrain from jumping with joy, as his eye rested on the portly form of a rich neighbour of his, who was one of the first to approach him, and whose long purse he had often bitterly envied him.

"That is the man, if you please," said Frank, and at the beck of his companion, old Mortgage stood by his side, and very complacently began to deliver up his deeds and bonds and obligations, and having done so, Frank was about to run home with the glad news and get ready to put the old man in possession of the little farm; but Mortgage lifted up his gouty leg, and Fortune called—"Here, Frank, this goes with the rest—the bargain is situation for situation, and the gouty foot goes with neighbour Mortgage's estate." Frank was thunderstruck; he started a minute, and threw down the bundle of papers, as a man would drop a hot dumpling—"I would not have his gout," said he, "for all the dale."

The next person that arrested Frank's attention, was a wealthy shipping merchant, of the city. He was again in raptures—and bent on the exchange. The merchant began to deliver inventories of his property, and among the rest those of the cargoes of five vessels at sea. These last constituted a main part of the clear estate; and Frank never knew the anxiety that follows the possession of such property till now—he remembered the great storm but a few days before; and that he heard of the wreck of some vessels on the shore. He hesitated; he trembled; he turned to go, but he felt that he should be forever unhappy; and he once more declared himself to be dissatisfied; and that as yet he had not found one whose situation was better than his own.

Then a dashing young fellow who owned the largest, richest, and most elegant farm in all Annandale, presented himself, and Frank was sure of being suited. He had often envied Jehu's fine horses and curricle, and thought, to be a farmer after that sort would be worth living for. But when the young buck came to deliver up the title deed, a bond and mortgage, with interest unpaid, for half a dozen years, was enclosed in it; enough to swallow two thirds of the estate, and horses and curricle in the bargain—Frank drew back. "No, no," said he, "the dairy is clear of debt, and don't slip through my fingers this way."

Thus it turned out with some hundreds more who were presented as candidates for a change of situation with Frank. Though these were taken promiscuously from among the rich and poor—farmers, merchants, mechanics, professional men, &c. Some were incumbered with debts; others with diseases that belong to their necessary mode of life; some had one trouble; some another difficulty; and Frank in the end was thoroughly convinced he would never be able to better his condition on the whole by an exchange—and expressed to his kind guide his perfect satisfaction with his condition.

"Take then, home with you," said Fortune, "this truth—none are perfectly happy in this world; few comparatively so. In every situation there are difficulties to be encountered, things unpleasant to be endured; and he is the happiest man, who determines to be contented with what he has, instead of troubling his head about what he has not. You can see but the outside of others; you know nothing of the secret troubles which perplex every bosom. Try to be happy; and you will be as happy as your neighbours.

Frank waked from his sleep just as Fortune had finished this speech; and has ever since been a changed man. There is not at this day a more merry fellow in all Annandale.

MAINE LEGISLATURE.

IN THE SENATE.

FRIDAY, Feb. 17.

Passed to be engrossed—Bill to incorporate Kennebec and Androscoggin Canal Association; to incorporate "President, Directors and Company of the Agamenticus Bank," at Kennebunk; to incorporate the Litchfield Manufacturing Co.; additional for the government of the State Prison and for the punishment of convicts; imposing a duty on sales at auction; additional to an act to exempt certain goods and chattels from attachment, execution and distress for taxes—to enable owners of meeting-houses to manage the same;—also, Resolves providing compensation for certain officers of the Legislature; providing for Clerk hire in the public offices; for reimbursing ALBION K. PARRIS, Governor of the State, certain expenses, viz. $300, by him incurred, during the visit of Gen. LAFAYETTE.

The further consideration of the subject of filling the vacancy in the office of Major General of the 4th Division of the Militia of this State was postponed to the next Senate.

TUESDAY, Feb. 21.

Leave to bring in a bill was reported on the petition of Henry W. Fuller and others, praying for leave to erect a dam across the Kennebec River, at Augusta. The report was accepted and referred with the accompanying papers to the next Legislature.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 22.

Bill to set off certain inhabitants from Buckfield to Paris was referred to the next Legislature in concurrence.

IN THE HOUSE.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 22.

Bill respecting the safe keeping of Justices Records was passed to a third reading.

Bill extending the jurisdiction of the Municipal Court and of Justices of the Peace was passed to be enacted.

THURSDAY, Feb. 23.

Bill prohibiting the sale of Lottery Tickets, was passed to be engrossed.

Bill authorizing a Lottery for improving the navigation of Kennebec River, was reported with amendments, which were adopted.

FOREIGN.

FROM ENGLAND.

The packet ship *Manhattan*, from Liverpool, Jan. 8, arrived at New-York on Saturday evening, 18th ult. Our correspondent, Mr. T. SNOWDEN, of the National Advocate, has favoured us with the London Public Ledger of the 6th, (the latest received,) and extracts from Liverpool papers of the 7th. [*Bos. Stats.*

The Ledger contains the whole of President Adams' Message at the opening of Congress.

The bank of England is said to have paid in one day the enormous amount of *five millions sterling*. Rothschild paid into the bank, in one day, £300,000.

The Paris Constitutionnel announces that the Prussian Government has appointed agents to proceed to the new Governments of South America.

It is stated that English Consuls will be appointed to reside in Hayti.

LONDON, Jan. 4. In consequence of the scarcity of British spirits, there is this day a considerable demand for rum, and some purchases of proof rums, supposed to be for Rectifiers' account, have been made at 2s. 2d. per gallon old measure. As the duty on rum is in future to be considerably reduced, the spirit merchants and dealers have, during the last three months, made scarcely any purchases; but on the contrary they have been anxious to hold as little as possible at the same time when that decline in the value would occur, which must attend the reduction in the duty. The last quarter's revenue is therefore deprived of nearly the whole amount of the rum duty, which however is only a temporary inconvenience, and can produce no ultimate loss to the Exchequer, for it will be remedied by the increased amount of duty which the consumption of the first quarter in this year, will cause to be paid into the Treasury, as spirit merchants probably will then make up their stocks to the usual quantities.

A private express arrived this morning from Paris, but it has not brought any political news of the slightest public importance. On Monday evening last the Rentes advanced fully one per cent. and the British funds have naturally been affected by this improvement. Money is gradually again coming into circulation, and it is only the mystery in which the death of the late Emperor Alexander is veiled, which prevents a considerable improvement in the British funds. Why is the day on which his Majesty died not published? Why is the place of his death, and the means which have deprived the Russian people of their Monarch concealed? These questions, and many others, are repeatedly asked on the Stock Exchange, and the want of a satisfactory answer to any of them, causes no small degree of distrust in the political state of Europe. On the Royal Exchange the restoration of public confidence is more slow than in Capel Court, but still discounts of good paper can now be obtained with much less difficulty, and the Bankers are beginning to grant accommodation to their friends on a more extended scale, than has been experienced during the last six weeks. Exchequer Bills and East India Bonds cannot be purchased without paying the Premiums to which they advanced yesterday.

On the Foreign Stock Exchange a great deal of business has been again done in the Bonds of the New American Republics, and they are severally one per cent. dearer than they were yesterday. With the example of the satisfactory state in which the public debt of the United States of North America now is, and on reflection on the value of European national securities, it is extraordinary that the advance, which is now visibly in progress in the value of the bonds of these new Republics did not long ago occur.

LONDON, Jan. 5. We have received the Paris papers of Monday, and *the Etoile*, dated Tuesday. They are chiefly occupied with the controversy respecting the succession to the Russian throne; but whilst the abdication of Constantine is insisted upon as strenuously as ever on one side, the contradiction is not given in a less peremptory tone on the other. As yet we see no reason to change our own opinion on the subject, as we can see no reason for further mystery, if there be any truth in the statement. Had Constantine, as stated, freely renounced his right to the throne in favour of his brother, the fact would, in all probability, be fully ascertained before now, as there could be no motive, at least that we can discover, for concealment. The regular order of succession would not be disturbed; and therefore the most timid mind could see in the proceeding no danger to the national tranquillity. But, if we are wrong, we are not at least under error in rejecting that part of the report, which says, that the abdication has been the voluntary act of Constantine. If there be any uncertainty on the subject, it arises from some arrangement of the late Emperor, by which he wished to interrupt the regular Order of Succession; in which case, we have no doubt but Constantine would try to set it aside by the sword. In the mean time, the Directing Senate at St. Petersburgh has ordered that Prince to be proclaimed in every part of the Empire with the customary formalities—an order wholly inconsistent, in our opinion, with the idea, that Alexander has left a testamentary disposition of a different kind. It appears, too, that Constantine has been proclaimed at Moscow; and it will be found, or we are greatly mistaken, that the rumour of his abdication has its origin solely in the wishes of those, who see in his succession the seeds of political troubles.

THE EX-KING OF SWEDEN. The following curious statement appears in *Galignani's Messenger*:—"Extract of a private letter of the 25th instant, from Mayence:—The public attention is at this moment powerfully excited by the disappearance of Colonel Gustafson, (Ex-King of Sweden,) whom it was customary to see almost daily within our walls. His Hotel is situated at Cassel, a parish comprehended within the fortifications of Mayence. His attendants assert, that he went to his son, who resides at Carlsruhe, with his mother, and that from thence they both departed for Russia. Well informed persons say that Gustavus was very intimate with Prince Constantine, and kept up a regular correspondence with him."

The *Oriental Spectator*, dated Nov. 25, contains, under date of Modon, Nov. 14, an article, which states Ibrahim Pacha to have set out with 8000 fresh troops, but well disciplined, and 1000 cavalry, for Missolonghi, and that the Turkish fleet had sailed for the same destination. It also contains two lists of 16 and 52 Turkish prisoners, which Com. Hamilton is said to have taken on board the Cambrian, in order to convey them to Modon, and a list of Greek prisoners, 76 in number, who appear to have been given in charge to the same officer, to be exchanged against the former.

The *Austrian Observer*, of the 22d ult. gives the particulars of the accounts brought by the express that arrived on the 21st from St. Petersburgh. The Emperor had felt indisposed at Bakstschisara, in the Crimea, but continued his journey back to Taganrog, partly on horseback, where he arrived on the 18th with some degree of fever. He wrote on the same day to his mother, the Empress Maria, that he was unwell, but that he took care of himself, and that the indisposition would be of little consequence. The remaining particulars coincide with those already published.

Private letters from Warsaw give the following particulars of the death of the Emperor Alexander, the correctness of which we will by no means warrant:—The Emperor appears to have taken cold on his journey through Crimea, where he travelled long distances on horseback on the sea-coast; fever ensued, and he returned ill to Taganrog, where he grew worse. Suddenly the wound in his foot, which had been hitherto opened, closed, on which he is said to have exclaimed—"*J'aurai le sort de ma sœur*," and made his last disposition in the presence of Generals Diebitch and Wolkonsky.

FROM MATANZAS. A vessel has arrived at Norfolk, which left Matanzas about 3d Feb. The U. S. ship Hornet, with the Commodore's flag, was going in the same day. The Fox was engaged in convoying. The Grampus sailed a few days before.

A letter states that on the 1st, 14 negroes, who were engaged in the revolt in March last, were shot. A report had reached Matanzas that the Pirates had captured, and taken into "Bayou Cordeveras," (about 20 miles from M.) two vessels supposed to be American, and after plundering them, set fire to them and murdered all hands—some of the goods supposed to have belonged to the above vessels were seen on the road to Matanzas, by a respectable American."

The writer further adds—"The Summer and calm seasons on the coast are fast approaching; and if redoubled exertions are not used by Government, and cruisers are not vigilant and industrious, their knives will be again sharpened—when *Blood* and *Plunder* will be the order of the day."—*B. Atl.*

THE OBSERVER.

PARIS, (ME.) THURSDAY, MARCH 2, 1826.

It is expected the Legislature will adj. this week.

FIRE.—On Wednesday of last week, the dwelling-house, store, and stable of Mr. JAMES M. INGRAHAM, of Hallowell, together with the Lottery Office of Mr. TAPPAN, and the Cabinet Maker's shop of Mr. JOHN DUNN, were destroyed by fire. We understand that Mr. Ingraham had his buildings *insured*.

KENNEBEC BANK.—Scarce a week passes but some are quite alarmed with respect to the solvency of this Bank. We are frequently told that the Bills do not pass in Portland, and that they are uncurrent, &c. For the information of the people in this vicinity, in order to prevent them from purchasing articles which they do not want, only because they can pay in *Kennebec bills*, we state that the amount of bills in circulation on this Bank, is now *smaller* than it has been at any time for the last ten years; and the Bank has as much *specie* on hand as it has usually kept for the above term of time; and what is still better they have *always* paid their bills when presented, and we presume they always will.—And to show that we are *sincere* we will allow a premium of *one* per cent. to all persons who purchase *Goods*, *Books*, *Stationary*, and *Tickets* of us, or in *payment* for this paper, until further notice.

A NEW PUBLICATION.—Rev. WILLIAM COLLIER, has issued a Prospectus for publishing a new paper, to be devoted to the suppression of *intemperance* and the excessive use of *ardent spirits*. The object is most certainly, highly laudable and deserving of encouragement. But at the same time it is a query with us, whether the *gentleman* ever lives to see the time when *travellers* generally, on stopping at a tavern, will call *only* for *ginger* and *water*, or a little *cider*—or when *tavern-keepers* do not keep what *they* call *strong drink*, to dispose of. We, however, are ready to allow that *some* people have already learned the *art* of taking up the room and fire at taverns *without* even buying the ginger and water, or even the cider. There are also *some* tavern-keepers who are *not* guilty of encouraging intemperance, at least in *their own* houses, as a person could not hold enough of their *strong* liquors to *intoxicate* him.

NEW INVENTION.—A gentleman in *Philadelphia* has recently invented a *clock* that will give the exact time of the day, in any part of the world—the time of the moon's *rising*, *southing*, and *setting*—the time of her *change*, *quarter*, *full*, &c. It will also calculate longitude. Its cost is not more than a common clock. We should think that this invention would injure the business of *almanack makers*.——*Query*; did Doct. Low discover this in the stars, and consequently drop the business?

INDICATIONS OF AN EARLY SPRING.—A very large flock of *pigeons* passed over the city of *Philadelphia*, about the middle of February—being nearly a month earlier than usual. The appearance of these birds, thus early, indicates either a scarcity of provision in the place from whence they came, or the "stirring of nature" to prepare for a new offspring; most likely the latter.

MISTAKES OF PRINTERS.—A compositor a few days since, in setting up the proceedings of the Legislature, inserted "A bill for the relief of *Poor Debtors*," in room of *Poor Debtors*. The *Editor* in examining the *proof*, considered the *mistake* so trivial as not to be of any injury. For our own part, we think a law of this kind is much needed.

REVOLUTIONARY PENSIONERS.—It will be recollected by our readers that Congress appointed a Committee at the commencement of the Session, to see what alterations *ought* to be made in the several laws granting Pensions to Revolutionary Soldiers. Mr. WOOD of (N. Y.) from that Committee made the following Report:

"The Committee on Military Pensions, to whom the resolution of this House, of the 14th inst. was referred, instructing them to "inquire into the expediency of so amending the several laws relating to Revolutionary Pensioners as to allow said Pensioners to receive their pensions from the date of their several declarations, made pursuant to the provisions of the act of Congress, passed March 18, 1818, entitled "An act to provide for certain persons engaged in the land and naval service of the United States, in the Revolutionary war," report:

That it must be the object of this resolution to provide for the payment of pensions *either* to such persons as were continued on the pension list, after the exhibition of the schedule of property, required by the act of May 1st, 1820, from the time of their cessation, on the fourth of March 1820, till the time of the decision of the Secretary of War, continuing them on the roll, *or* to such as were stricken from the roll, by virtue of the act of May 1st, 1820, and who have been restored by the provisions of the act of March 3, 1823, from the said 4th March, 1820, to the time of their re-admission upon the pension list.

I. With regard to the first class of cases:

The benefit of the act of March 18, 1818, was confined, exclusively, to such persons, who, coming within the other provisions of the act, then were, or thereafter, "by reason of their reduced circumstances in life, should be, in need of assistance from their country for support."

The only evidence of indigence required by the act was the declaration of the applicant, under oath. Every one was the judge of his own case, and was at liberty to put his own construction on the terms of the act. The indefinite nature of the expression afforded ground for variety of construction, and the inducement of interest co-operated to give the construction as wide a range as the terms of the act would possibly admit.

The various constructions given to the act, prevented its being confined to those whose circumstances were alike, with regard to property, destroyed that uniformity in its operation, and defeated the intention of Congress in making the provision.

Under this act, 19,615 persons were placed on the list of Revolutionary Pensioners.

To correct the abuses which had taken place under this act, and to guard against the recurrence of the like hereafter, Congress passed the act of May 1st, 1820, [illegible]

act to provide for certain persons engaged in the land and naval service of the United States in the Revolutionary War, passed March 18th, 1818."

By this act, no person then on the pension list, or who should thereafter be placed thereon by virtue of the act of March 18th, 1818, was permitted, after the payment of that part of the pension which became due on the 4th of March, 1820, to *continue to receive* the pension granted by the said act, *until* he should have exhibited to some Court of Record in the county, city, or borough where he resided, a schedule subscribed by him, containing his whole estate and income, and should have taken, subscribed, and produced to the said Court, the oath prescribed in the said act; *nor* until he should have delivered to the Secretary of War a copy of the said schedule and oath certified by the Clerk of the Court to which the said schedule was exhibited, together with the opinion of the said Court, also certified by their Clerk, of the value of the property contained in the said schedule. The said act further provided, that the said Secretary, on the receipt of the copy of the schedule and oath aforesaid, should cause to be stricken from the list of pensioners under the said act, the name of every person who should not, in his opinion, be in such indigent circumstances, as to be unable to support himself without the assistance of his country.

This act took from the applicant the power of judging in his own case, and placed it in the hands of the Secretary of the War Department. The disclosure of the amount of property of every applicant, furnished data by which each case might be decided by an uniform rule. By a communication from the Secretary of the War Department, in answer to a resolution of this House, of the 25th of January last, it appears that no one is considered to be in such indigent circumstances as to be unable to support himself, without the assistance of his country, or is admitted to the pension roll, whose property exceeds three hundred dollars in value.

In pursuance of the provisions of this act, the names of more than 6,000 persons were stricken from the pension roll, and more than 12,000 were adjudged to be entitled to the benefit of the Act of March 18th, 1818, and their pensions were restored to them.

The pensions granted by the act of March 18th, 1818, were of an eleemosynary nature. A pension under that act was a monthly gratuity, payable in such manner as Congress should direct, the cessation of which it was competent for Congress to direct, at least until it could be ascertained that their liberality was not abused.

All the Revolutionary pensions, by the Act of May 1st, 1820, in fact, ceased on the 4th March, 1820; and on the decision of the Secretary of War, on the schedule delivered to him in favour of any pension his pension commenced anew.

This seems to have been the construction of the Secretary of the War Department; is agreeable to the terms of the act; and the Committee can perceive no reason why any alteration should be made in the law, with regard to the first class of cases.

II. With regard to the second class of cases:

By the act of March 1st, 1823, the Secretary of War is required to restore to the list of Revolutionary Pensioners, the name of any person who may have been, or hereafter shall be, stricken therefrom, in pursuance of the aforesaid act of May 1st, 1820, if such person had before furnished, or should thereafter furnish, evidence, agreeable to the provisions of the said act, to satisfy the said Secretary that he is in such indigent circumstances as to be unable to support himself, without the assistance of his country, and that he has not disposed of, or transferred his property, or any portion thereof, with a view to obtain a pension.

The said act further provided, that no pension to be allowed on schedules, before filed, under the act or acts to which this is a supplement, or under the provisions of this act, shall commence before the *passage thereof*, and that all other pensions hereafter to be allowed, under the acts aforesaid, shall commence from the time of completing the proof.

Those who procured their names to be placed on the pension list, when in circumstances to procure their own support, must be considered to have done it in fraud of the law, and, on a restoration to the roll, after the reduction or consumption of their property, by the aforesaid act of March 3d, 1823, have no manner of claim for any intermediate allowance. It might, with more propriety, be made a question, whether what they received under the act of March 18th, 1818, ought not to be deducted from the pension now allowed them.

In neither case, therefore, can the Committee consider it expedient to make any alteration in the laws, relative to the payment of pensions to the different classes of Revolutionary Pensioners."

The report was ordered to lie on the table.

Abstract of a Journal of the weather, for twenty-five years past—continued from our last.

1802: From Feb. 1 to 12, good weather: 13, foggy & hazy: 14, clears off fair & warm: 25, cold and stormy. During this month Red Baize was selling at 37 cents per yard, Molasses at 67 cents per gallon; Tea at 44 cents per pound, Tobacco 25 cents, Sugar 12 1-2 cents, Raisins 12 1-2 cents, Copperas 8 cents, large Pork 6 1-4 cents.

1803: Feb. 1, very clear and cold: 2, snows very fast in the forenoon; rains very fast in the afternoon: 3, rainy: 4, clear and cold: 5, clear and cold in the morning; begins to snow at dark: 6, some rain and hail, and a thick fog: 7, very warm; begins to rain at dark: 8, foggy in the morning; clears off very warm in the afternoon: 9, 10 & 11, pleasant weather; no sleighing: 12, begins to rain in the night: 13, rainy: 14, some snow fell: 15 & 16, clear and cold: 17, a very blustering snow storm: 18, snow and rain, and hazy: 19, 20 & 21, good weather; cloudy and warm: 22 & 23, very warm and rainy: 24, a snow storm: 25, 26 & 27, good weather and good sledding: 28, rainy.—New Rum sells for 75 cents per gallon; Corn for 75 cents per bushel: Half-bushel of Corn buys a common Milk Pail.

1804: Feb. 1, fair; many people are breaking open the roads: 9, a driving snow storm: 10, pleasant: 24, a severe blustering snow storm: 29, a great quantity snow fell last night.

1805: Feb. 1 & 2, much snow in the roads: 3, but little sleighing from Minot to Jay Point, the roads being full of snow. Dr. *Hamlin* goes on foot from his house in Livermore to Turner to visit the sick. 14, a storm of snow, hail and rain.—Many people this month have been employed in making snow paths.

NOTICE.

ALL persons are hereby cautioned against purchasing a Note of hand, given by the subscriber on the 6th day of December, 1825, payable to SETH PERKINS, or order in March next, for the sum of twelve dollars and fifty cents—as I have received no consideration for the same. AMOS FULLER.

Paris, Feb. 21. *37

FOR THE OBSERVER.

MR. BARTON,

Sir—As it is the custom with the editors of some papers to publish the "PRICES CURRENT," and thinking that something of the kind would be interesting to some of your subscribers, I send you the price of a few articles. Should it prove beneficial, I will make the list more perfect.—There can be no doubt as to its *correctness*, Yours, &c.

B. Z.

POLITICS—for the first rate there is no demand; of a *second* quality and *low* price does quite well in the hands of speculators. We think the article cannot *rise* at present.

POLITICAL INTEGRITY—is now a very *scarce* article. A small lot would find a ready market, as many of those persons who were supposed to have large lots on hand have become wholly destitute.

CANDIDATES FOR OFFICE.—The market is overstocked with this article: it is, however, generally of a *poor* quality—But it would not be prudent to put that of the first rate on *sale*, as there are very *few* or no purchasers.

LITERATURE—The imported of a *low* quality sells well—but the *domestic* is very *dull* generally. Many *dealers* in this article have *failed*, and it is rumoured that several more will be *obliged to stop*.

MISCHIEF-MAKERS—are busily engaged. Of late this description of business has *increased*, on account of several *competitors* in the trade. They have however pretty constant *employment*.

FASHION—is held uncommonly *high* and in great demand among the *ladies*. It is thought, however, by many, that the article will soon *fall*. It drags *heavy* with the gentlemen, and at present there is no prospect of a change.

LOVE—Very *few* purchasers for the *genuine* article. Speculators trade a little with the *spurious kind*; but they all appear to evince a disposition to *hold on* until the market rises.

OLD BACHELORS—Not very plenty; and what are in the market are *not* the *first rate* article.

OLD MAIDS—Plenty, but generally *sour* and *crabbed*. Although there are a *few* prime and good ones, yet they are *difficult* to get *hold* of.

WOULD-BEES—are very plenty in all professions, except usefulness in society.

SCHOOLS.

From an examination of the returns made to the office of the Secretary of State, pursuant to "An Act in addition to an Act to provide for the Education of youth," passed Feb. 25, 1825, we have drawn the following facts, which are both curious and important.

COUNTY OF YORK.

School Districts,	297
Children between 4 and 21 years,	20,810
Number, who usually attend School,	14,202
Amount raised and expended for Schools,	$20,065 85
Of this sum, there is raised from funds,	$229 83

COUNTY OF CUMBERLAND.

School Districts,	323
Children between 4 and 21 years,	19,154
Number, who usually attend School,	13,080
Amount raised and expended for Schools,	$22,126 71
Of this sum, there is raised from funds,	$1,520 06

The town of Portland did not return the number of children between 4 and 21 years of age.

The towns of Brunswick, Gray and New-Gloucester, made no return of the children, who usually attend schools.

COUNTY OF LINCOLN.

School Districts,	388
Children between 4 and 21 years,	24,760
Number, who usually attend School,	17,540
Amount raised and expended for Schools,	$23,207 02
Of this sum, there is raised from funds,	$402 02

No return from Patrickton Plantation.

COUNTY OF HANCOCK.

School Districts,	275
Children between 4 and 21 years,	14,678
Number, who usually attend School,	10,499
Amount raised and expended for Schools,	$13,642 74
Of this sum, there is raised from funds,	$487 60

No returns from Brooksville, Knox and Orland.

COUNTY OF WASHINGTON.

School Districts,	83
Children between 4 and 21 years,	5009
Number, who usually attend School,	3446
Amount raised and expended for Schools,	$56,26 85
Of this sum, there is raised from funds,	$206 20

No returns from Charlotte, Machias, Robbinston and No. 14.

COUNTY OF KENNEBEC.

School Districts,	358
Children between 4 and 21 years,	19,625
Number, who usually attend School,	14,522
Amount raised and expended for Schools,	$19,109 16
Of this sum, there is raised from funds,	$330 45

No return from Temple.

Readfield and Waterville made no return of the number of children who usually attend Schools.

COUNTY OF OXFORD.

School Districts,	290
Children between 4 and 21 years,	12,936
Number, who usually attend School,	10,217
Amount raised and expended for Schools,	$11,381 26
Of this sum, there is raised from funds,	$1,294 21

Andover did not return the number of children who usually attend Schools.

COUNTY OF SOMERSET.

School Districts,	250
Children between 4 and 21 years,	10,706
Number, who usually attend School,	7,551
Amount raised and expended for Schools,	$10,225 62
Of this sum, there is raised from funds,	$241 11

No returns from Palmyra, Corinna, Phillips and No. 7, 7th Range.

COUNTY OF PENOBSCOT.

School Districts,	147
Children between 4 and 21 years,	7666
Number, who usually attend School,	6180
Amount raised and expended for Schools,	$9,714 97
Of this sum, there is raised from funds,	$221 20

No returns from Brownville and Orono.

Plant. No. 7, 7th Range, No. 2, 2d Range, East of Penobscot River and Jarvis' Gore made no returns of the number of children, who usually attend Schools.

From the above Statement it appears, that there are in this State,

School Districts,	2419
Children between 4 and 21 years,	135,344
Number who usually attend Schools,	97,237
Amount raised and expended for Schools,	$135,100 18
Of this sum, there is raised from funds,	$4,932 66

There is annually raised in this State, then nearly one dollar a head for every child between 4 and 21 years, and appropriated for the purposes of education. Averaged upon those, who usually attend Schools, it amounts to *one dollar and thirty-nine cents nearly*, for each Scholar. How insignificant a sum, when put in comparison with the invaluable blessings which flow from its expenditure! There is much reason to exult in the thought, that ninety-seven thousand children are annually trained up to knowledge and usefulness, to be the bone and sinew of the body politic, at an expense too, so little felt, as to seem like a boon from some unseen hand.

American Patriot.

ROGUES DETECTED. On Saturday last two respectable looking *gentlemen*, named Richard White, and Joseph Cutler, were taken into custody, by Mr. Constable Reed, in Kilby-street. Mr. Reed was informed by Messrs. Hicks & Arnold, and G. Wheelock, merchants, that they had missed several articles, and had suspicion of two persons who had been in their stores, and whom they described. Mr. Reed then went attended by Mr. Wheelock's boy, in search of the persons and saw them in the store of E. Williams, in Central-street. Mr. Reed kept his "eye on them," and after they left the store, seized them, escorted them to Mr. Wheelock's store, where their persons were searched. On White was found three pieces of silk which he had laid hands upon in Mr. William's store, while Cutler was buying a piece of ribbon. While the search was going on, a large roll of bank bills, mostly counterfeit, was found upon the floor of the store. After their confinement the constable went to their lodgings, at D. Bradstreet's, where they put up the first of the week, last from New-York, and found their trunks, which were filled with silks, laces, muslins, ribbons, &c. &c. which they had plundered in this city, to the amount of about $1500. These trunks were conveyed to the Police Court on Monday where they were examined and the goods identified by merchants in the vicinity of Liberty-square; and the bank bills were proved to be counterfeit by Maj. Dean. In the afternoon the prisoners were brought before Judge Orne and examined. Cutler is about 35 years of age, 5 feet 8 inches in stature, and of dark complexion; and says he has a wife and four children in New-York. White is about 27 years of age, 6 feet in height. From a memorandum book in the possession of one of them, it appeared that they had been in Philadelphia, during the last summer, and that they had since been in Vermont. White had given a card to a gentleman, purporting that he lodged at "A. W. Hardie & Co. tailors and drapers, No. 4, Exchange Buildings, at the corner formerly occupied by the post-office, New-York."

The Court required bonds for their appearance at the Municipal Court of $4000, which they were unable to procure, and were of course remanded to prison.—*Bost. Statesman.*

THE GREAT DRAWING

TOOK place on the 15th ultimo—when, No. 24517 came up a Prize of

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS;

one quarter of which is supposed to be owned in this town.

The cash may be had for the following numbers viz:)

612, 1617, 1577, $50 each—2191, $100—9730, $12—13765, $20—31967, $20—31142, $20—34125, $50—34270, $12—34776, $20.

All tickets, whose numbers end with 1, 2 or 5, are prizes of $10. *Paris, March 2.*

NOTICE.

AT a Regular Communication of PYTHAGOREAN LODGE, holden at Fryeburg, on the 2d Thursday of February, 1826:

Voted unanimously, that MOODY M. MERRILL, for gross immorality, intemperance, and fraudulent practices, be expelled the Pythagorean Lodge, and that the Secretary cause a copy of this Vote to be published in the *Oxford Observer*, printed at Paris.

A true copy from the Records,

Attest, JAMES W. RIPLEY, *Sec'y.*

HEBRON ACADEMY.

THE Spring Term in Hebron Academy, will commence on the thirteenth day of March next, under the care of MR. SIMEON PERKINS, *A. M.* who gave such general satisfaction to the Superintending Committee and Students the last Term.—Youths of both sexes are again invited to try the advantages of this Institution.

JOHN TRIPP, *Secretary.*

Feb. 14, 1826. 86

NEW TAVERN.

THE subscriber informs his friends and the public, that he has opened a PUBLIC HOUSE, in *Norway* Village, between the *Hay Scales* and the *Universalist Meeting-house*, where he has all the accommodations which are convenient to the Traveller, and which he will afford on as low terms as any other Innholder. He solicits the public patronage; and means by assiduity and attention to deserve it.

INCREASE ROBINSON.

Norway, Jan. 25, 1826. *6w 82

G. C. LYFORD

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public, that he has resumed the Retailing business at the Store he formerly occupied in *Court-street*, (and more recently improved by G. W. Goodwin,) where he has received and will receive in the course of the present week, a great variety of *Fresh* and *New* GOODS—consisting of blue, black, claret, mixt and drab BROADCLOTHS—blue, mixt and fancy coloured CASSIMERES—Tollinett, Valentia, swansdown and black silk Vestings—plain and fig'd Bombazetts—white, green, yellow and red Flannels—new and fashionable Calicoes, Furnitures and Copperplates—white, black and col'd Cambrics—Tartan and Scotch Plaids—scarlet Rattinetts—plain and fig'd Book Muslins—elegant Swiss Muslins—Cambric do.—Long Lawns—Linen Cambrics—fig'd and checked do.—real and imitation Merino Hdfs.—black, plaided and fancy Silk Hdfs.—India and German flag do.—blue and yellow Cotton Flag do.—spotted, check'd and Berkley Neckerchiefs—real Merino Shawls and Mantles—raw silk Mantles—Bobbinett & Mecklin Laces—plain mecklin and bobbinett Laces for veils—white and coloured pressed Crapes—black, white, and green Italian Crapes—Crape Shawls and Dresses—Gauze Veils—broad black Bombazines—Irish Linens—brown and black Linens—mourning Calicoes and Ginghams—women's black and slate Worsted Hose—black and white Silk Hose—beaver, kid, horse skin and silk Gloves—children's Gloves—gentlemen's beaver, buck and doe Gloves—black and colour'd double chain Levantines—black Sinchaws and Sarsnetts—changeable, plaid and green Silks—figured Silks—Carolina Plaids—Cassimere Shawls—cotton Shawls—linen and damask do.—linen damask Table Cloths—Hingham made cotton Umbrellas—black ostrich Plumes—great variety garniture Ribbons—black and coloured lustring Ribbons—common and trimming Tapes—chainett Gimps—piping Chords—Habit Buttons—gentlemen's coat and vest Buttons—black, blue and coloured Sewing Silk—ball and common Twist—camlet and twist Buttons—Hall's sewing Cottons, spool Cottons—floss Cotton in skeins and spools—pearl and thread Shirt Buttons, &c. &c.

—ALSO—

10 Pieces Sattinetts; 4 bales Factory Ginghams—4 bales brown Sheetings—3 do. brown Shirtings—2 bales Bedtickings—Sea Island Shirtings—fine and common bleach'd Sheetings—5-4 brown Sheetings—3-4 and 4-4 Checks—Knitting Cottons, &c. &c.

Likewise—Warp and Filling YARNS of the Exeter Factory, all numbers, and *warranted*.

N. B. The above GOODS were purchased very low, and will be sold as cheap as Goods *ever were* at the "Cheap Store." Purchasers are requested to "call and see."

SHERIFF'S SALE.

OXFORD, ss.

TAKEN, and by virtue of execution will be sold, at Public Vendue, at the dwelling-house of Maj. PHILIP EASTMAN, Innholder in *Fryeburg*, on *Wednesday* the *22d day* of *March* next, at one of the clock P. M.—all the right in equity of redemption which FREDERIC HOWARD has in and to the following discribed real estate, situated in *Brownfield*, to wit:—a certain tract or parcel of LAND, lying on the County road leading to Portland.—Said real estate is the same that the said Howard purchased of James Osgood, Esq. of Fryeburg—and is mortgaged to James Osgood, for the sum of one hundred sixty-two dollars and twelve cents, as will appear by said mortgage deed, recorded in Lib. 11, Folio 160 & 161; in the Registry of Deeds for the Western District of Oxford County. I. FRYE, *Dep'y Sheriff.*

Fryeburg, Feb. 17, 1826.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.....*Paris.*

NOTICE is hereby given to the non-resident Proprietors of the following lots of Land, lying in Paris, in the County of Oxford, and State of Maine, that they are taxed in the bills committed to me the subscriber, to collect for the year 1824, in the following sums, to wit:

Names.	Lots.	Range.	No. of Acres.	Value.	Tax.	Def. of Hway Tax for 1823.
				$	$ c	$ c
Josiah Bartlett,	29	1	50	100	1 65	
Bailey Bodwell, part,	6	1	20	60	99	
Unknown,	29	3	100	150	2 48	2 15
Do. East part,	5	6	50	100	1 65	1 43
Do. N. part,	25 } 26 }	7	100	200	3 30	2 87

And unless said taxes and all intervening charges are paid to me the subscriber, on or before *Wednesday* the *twenty-ninth day* of *March next*, at one o'clock in the afternoon, so much of said lots will then be sold at the Court-House in Paris, as will pay the same. CYRUS HAMLIN, } *Treasurer and Collector.*

Paris, Feb. 11, 1826. 86

To the Hon. Benjamin Chandler, Judge of Probate, of Wills, &c.

WE the undersigned, your Petitioners, heirs in common to the Real estate of AMOS TRASK, late of *Dixfield*, Gentleman, deceased, humbly sheweth, that we wish to hold our shares of said real estate in severalty, according to our respective ownerships. We therefore pray that your Honour would order a division of the same, as the law in such cases provides.

PETER TRASK,
SILAS BARNARD,
BENJA. CHAPLIN,
MOSES PARK, } *Guardian to Louisa Trask and Susan Trask.*

Dated at Dixfield, Jan. 23, 1826.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the twenty-fourth day of January, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-six—

UPON the foregoing Petition, ORDERED—That the Petitioners give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of said Petition with this Order thereon to be published three weeks successively in the *Oxford Observer*, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Paris, on the fourth Tuesday of March next, and shew cause, if any they have, why the prayer of the Petitioners should not be granted.

BENJAMIN CHANDLER, *Judge.*

A true Copy of the Petition and Order thereon.

Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, *Register.* 86

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

THE SEASONS.

When peaceful Summer o'er the country smiles,
And warming suns the genial showers succeed,
The fields enwrap'd in growing lustre wave
Beneath the swelling breeze, and trees and shrubs
Dress'd in their choicest garb of lively green,
Smile o'er the landscape round; while every plant
Maturing fast in vegetable life,
And bowing 'neath the scorching mid-day heat,
Looks cheerful in the shade; 'tis surely then
A pleasant season; yes, when day is past,
And Sol has sunk in peaceful silence down—
Our toil too past, how sweet is our repose!
How cheerful do we rise, our toils renew,
Till gentle evening comes again. But soon
The scene must change, and all the gay remains
Be swept beneath the blast.—Bleak Autumn frost
Soon nips each gay delight—and all is gone.
No more the cheerful warblers tune their song,
Which then so sweetly sung beneath the shade;
But warn'd of the approaching cold have fled,
As if instructed by some friendly hand,
To warmer climes, where summer still doth reign,
And nature smile.

No more the trees afford a welcome shade
For animal and man; their verdure lost,
Nor leaf, nor flower remains; but desolate
And drear, they groan beneath the blast, and sigh
As 'twere amongst themselves, their naked fate.
No more the cheering breeze delights the soul
Of wearied man, faint by excessive heat;
But chang'd to angry, hoarse, and chilling winds,
The cold November blast succeeds again,
And groans along the desolated vale!
Rain too, in torrents, from the store on high,
Descends profuse; while 'long the sloping side
Of every little hill, or rising ground,
The falling water gathering force descends,
Till last, increas'd into a stately stream,
Roars down the vale!

Next Winter comes,
And with his cold, and more than iron grasp,
Binds nature fast. He comes, and with him too,
In all the pomp of monarchy complete,
A stately train. Before his face descends,
In columns thick and harsh, the rattling hail;
And cold Boreas howling o'er the land,
Warns favour'd man of what is soon to come.—
Hard on his track proceeds with rapid march,
And roaring almost thunderlike along
An hurricane of snow. Tremendous scene!
The whitening flakes descend, and all around
Is one, one continued flood of snow complete.
From east to west, far as the eye can view
The wint'ry deluge reigns, and humble earth
Beneath the tyrant's frown, lies hid.
Thrice happy is the man, who now can sit
Beside his fire so dear, nor feel the storm
That drives without: for many now perhaps,
E'en while I write, are sinking in the snow:
While all the horrors of untimely death
Their heaving bosoms swell; till overcome
By cold, at last they sink to rise no more.
Think ye, whom foolish pride has taught to feel
Your own, none other's wo, how many now
Afflicted by the cruel hand of fate,
Are suffering by the cold!

How happy, yea, how blessed is our lot;
Who now can sit around the social hearth,
And read, or sing, or chat the hours away,
While all without is stormy, dark and drear.
If winter months one single joy afford,
'Tis surely this, the evenings long and clear.
When some of us perhaps have spent the day
Far from our native homes, how glad are we
To reach our safe abode, tho' humble 'tis,
And hear the sound, from wife and children dear—
'How glad we are you've come.' Such scenes as these
Light up our minds, and give to life a glow,
Though winter reigns without.

Altho' this season is so cold and drear,
The days so short seem almost fill'd with care;
Yet still some pleasant scenes does it afford
By day as well as night. The air serene,
And pure, tho' cold, how pleasant 'tis to hear
The jolly sleigh-bells o'er the plain resound;
While lads and lasses join the social throng,
Participate the pleasures of the ride;
And thus with hearts o'erflow'd with civil joy,
They end the wint'ry day. The Farmer now
With fiery steeds a span, and homely sleigh,
(Himself as homely too, tho' decent clad,)
Hies to the market-town there to exchange
The products of his native farm for those
Of other climes. To all his children dear,
The days seem months. At last he comes, and oh!
What joy and gladness now pervades their minds.
"Pa, have you got me a new gown?" says Jane.
"Where's my new hat?" says yonder little boy,
While every one cries for their something new:
The wife too, says, "pray have you, husband dear,
Brought a good store of Tea?"

Thus winter passes, mixed with joy and pain:
Month after month comes on—they disappear,
And seem but short, at best. Storm after storm
Drives o'er the whiten'd plain, whilst a fair day
Scarce dares to show its head amongst the train.
But, hark! the beauteous, lovely Spring shall wake,
While Sol resplendent mounts his higher throne,
Cold, piercing winds shall cease to scour the plain,
And weeping winter glide in tears away
Before her mild approach. Her gentle hand
Shall wipe away the falling tear in peace,
From off his furrow'd, weather-beaten cheek,
And send him headlong to his drear abode.
Her dewy breath shall cause the naked earth,
So long beneath cold winter's hoary grasp—
So long benumbed in death, to spring again;
And silent nature sing.
Her animating glow shall cause the blade,
The tender blade to shoot, and trees and shrubs,
Which naked long have mourn'd, to wave in green,
And blossom in the shade. The cheerful lark
Shall hail the dewy morn, and smiling sing
Amid the op'ning flowers, which fill the air
With odours sweet, on balmy zephyrs borne.
The same shall bear her tender notes along,
With those of myriads of her sister tribe,
And meet man's favour'd ear.

These, with the blooming beauties nature yields,
The sun just rising o'er the eastern main,
Shall constitute a scene, more pleasing far
Than summer, autumn or which winter yields.

Thus seasons pass; the face of nature dies—
But soon it lives again.—So 'tis with man:
He is, and soon the spring of life commences,
The most delightsome part he has to live.
Next Summer comes, which finds him drown'd in cares,
The middle age of life's excessive heat.
Soon, Autumn's years succeed—grey hairs appear,
And nature's self begins to feel decay:
Then freezing Winter creeps upon his frame,
And tottling life falls in the dread abyss:
Yields up to death! Thus shuts this earthly scene;—
But soon in yonder world, he wakes again
To live a long, an everlasting day.

EDWIN.

THE OLIO.

FROM THE NEW-YORK MERCANTILE ADVERTISER.

REMARKABLE SPRING.

At 12 miles distant from Tallahassee, the new capital of Florida, is the Big Spring, the source of Wakulla river. This celebrated fountain is one of the greatest natural curiosities in the United States. Ascending the river, about a mile below its source, it becomes so much obstructed by flags and river weeds that it is with great difficulty that a boat can be propelled up the stream; suddenly this immense spring breaks upon the eye. It is nearly one mile in length and of a circular form. The water is almost as transparent as air itself. It is of an unfathomable depth, which gives the water a deep blue tint, similar in appearance to the water in the Gulph Stream. It is stated that a plumb has drawn 250 fathoms of line without finding any bottom. After arriving in the centre of the spring in a small boat upon a clear day, the appearance of the azure vault above, and the blue depth below, gave rise to a succession of the most singular ideas. It appeared after abstracting the surrounding foliage from the mind that we were suspended in the immense regions of space. The water is highly impregnated with decomposed lime-stone, which gives it that extremely transparent appearance which can only be accounted for by supposing that water impregnated with calcarious substances has much less refractive powers for light than water in a state of purity. The temperature of the water is very low, even in the warmest weather it has an icy appearance. It has however a nauseous taste by being highly impregnated with the sulphurat of lime. On the northern side of this spring, a beautiful hammock rises gently from the water. This is the site of the former English Factory for the Indian trade while this country was under the British crown, and afterwards the residence of the celebrated Ambrister, who was executed during the Seminole campaign. This fountain if fed from the subterraneous sources which gush from the bowels of the earth with incredible force, rising in the centre with the velocity of boiling water. Some idea may be formed of the power with which it gushes from the earth, by its displaying a column of water more than 250 fathoms in height, and removing with violence the water on the surface. This spring is about 12 miles from St. Mark, and about 20 from the ocean.

MINERAL PHENOMENON.

Haycliff mine now no longer worked, was once the grand depository of that extraordinary phenomenon in the mineral world, provincially called slickensides. The external appearance of this curious species of galena is well known wherever mineralogy has been studied. At the present time good specimens of it are extremely rare, and can only be met with in cabinets that have been long established. In those mines where it has most prevailed, it exhibits but little variety either in form or character. An upright pillar of limestone rock, intermixed with calcarious spar, contains this exploding ore; the surface is thinly coated over with lead, which resembles a covering of plumbago, and is extremely smooth, bright and even. These rocky pillars have their polished faces opposed to each other: sometimes they nearly touch, sometimes they are farther apart, the intervening space being filled up with smaller portions and fragments of spar and particles of lead ore; and a number of narrow veins, of a whitish colour and of powdery consistency.

The effects of this extraordinary mineral are not less singular than terrific. A blow with a hammer, a stroke or scratch with a miner's pick, are sufficient to rend these rocks asunder with which it is united or embodied. The stroke is immediately succeeded by a crackling noise, accompanied with a sound not unlike the mingled hum of a swarm of bees: shortly afterwards an explosion follows, so loud and appalling, that even the miners, though a hardy race of men, and little accustomed to fear, turn pale and tremble at the shock. This dangerous combination of matter must, consequently, be approached with caution. To avoid the use of the common implements of mining, a small hole is carefully bored, into which a little gunpowder is put, and exploded with a match; the workmen then withdraw to a place of safety, to wait the result of their operations. Sometimes not less than five or six successive explosions ensue at intervals of from two to ten or fifteen minutes, and occasionally they are so sublimely awful, that the earth has been violently shaken to the surface by the concussion, even when the discharge has taken place at the depth of more than two hundred fathoms.

When the Haycliff mine was open, a person of the name of Higginbottom, who was unused to the working of slickensides, and not much apprehensive of danger, was repeatedly cautioned not to use his pick in the getting of the one. Unfortunately for himself, he paid little attention to the admonitions of his fellow-miners. He struck the fatal stroke, that by an apparently electrical communication set the whole mass instantaneously in motion, shook the surrounding earth to its foundation, and with a noise as tremendous as thunder, scattered the rocky fragments in every direction through the whole vacuity of Haycliff mine. Thick boards of ash at the distance of twenty or thirty paces, were perforated by pieces of rock six inches in diameter. The poor man was dreadfully cut and lacerated, yet he escaped with his life. The impression made upon his mind by this incident determined him on his recovery, to discontinue the dangerous trade of mining.

The loudest explosion remembered to have taken place in Haycliff mine has been mentioned by Whitehurst, in his theory of the formation of the Earth. It occurred in the year 1732, and he affirms that "the quantity of two hundred barrels of materials were blown out at one blast, each barrel being supposed to contain from three to four hundred pounds weight. During the explosion," he adds, "the ground was observed to shake as if by an earthquake." The accuracy of this statement can hardly be questioned: and if correct, what an idea it conveys of the immense force required to dissever, from a solid mass of internal rock, so formidable a weight!

From Noah's Advocate.

[The following letter from Joe Strickland announces his good luck again at Arnold's:]

IN THE BULL'S HED,
Jennywerry 24.

Gloryus Unkle Ben—Thees fu lynes kum hoppin yew ar wel, un informin yew that I'me as slik as an eal. I gess yew aint furgot that I rit yew that if Arnold sold the darnashun big prize, un I got enny on't, that I'd hev a rale blo out. I did'nt git noan ov thee bigist wun, but I got wun big anuf to by neerly half of Varmount—I went un sede the lotry drord, un as kwick as the big prize kum out, un I nue Arnold soald it, bi thee lord Hary, I gumpt un kapered about as if I'd fawty thowsen bumbell beeze in mi trowses; ole Haze sed if I did'nt keap stil he'd poot mee in pergatary, but I did'nt mind hym kause I'd got munny anuf in mi poket, so I kep hoo-raying az if heven un airth was kumin together—un mi hed haz felt ever sens az bigg az a base drumn—un rings az if it had forta katy didds in't. I smasht mi darnashun long tirn whissle thut I bort when Arnold maid me bosun ov Nores Ark, over a darn bigg sellers hed kaze he rund over un upset mi kuzzen aut Nabby Mahu, un she thort the airthkwaick had kum, un she kikt un skwauld like a hundred tree todes—so I jist pikd hur up un for feer she mite git turnd upsyde doun agin if she stade hear. I've sent hur up to Varmount agin, with a saddell bagg chuck full of rale new Kimekell bils that Arnold pade mee for the tikets I bort for yew—part ont is for Dekon Amarian Bigelo un part yourn—so I gess ule find it a darne site beter bisnes thun rasen punkins or makin gunnphlints out ov kow horns. I've got pretty darn rich now, but I shan't kum tu Varmount agin, til I've spekulated a little. I'me goen tu try the new kawperashun to see if I kant make a dikker with um tu suppli the sitty with good un holesum maynure. Last yeer sum long Han fokes got it, but tha did'nt haff du it, kaze sumtimes in doge daze, yew koud'nt pik up moor thun fore ded piggs un a pile ov kats, awl the wn frum Quinches slype tu thee Kawphy hous—if I doant du that, I mene tu tirn a grate man un rite pohetra—I've jist maid wun vairse:

When I kum doun from old Varmount
I'd skaise a sent of kash,
But Arnold's made me thousins kount,
And kut a tarnal dash.
Sich a buty I do gro, du gro, du gro,
Sich a buty I du gro.

When I git it awl dun I'me goin tu sing it in Chatum gardin, where I went tother nite un see'd a feller on the staige lonkt jist lyke a rale Varmounter, but he wus frum Tanton, un tha kawl'd hym Jonathan, un wun ov the gals put a kandkercher over his ize, so he koudnt se, un he buss't a neger gal rite afore awl the fokes, un tha awl laft az if heven un airth was kumin together. Arnold ses he waants tu perpetrait mi memary, so I'me goin tu hev mi likelynes tak on ful chizel, tu put in hiz winder, rite side ov hiz pepetrul moshun wheal—when ant Mabby gits hoam, tel Olla Parsons un Square petty bone, un Cityzon Barroll, tu send tu Arackls for sum tikits in the Lotry thut drors next weak.

Yre lovin neffure, JOE STRICKLAND.

Mr. Ben Strickland, Varmount.

A CLERICAL JOKE.—A Clergymen, who was celebrated for *hot* preaching, happening to take breakfast with some of the more liberal creed, remarked that the coffee had a singular taste. The rest of the company could discover nothing but the flavour of the bean. The *learned* Clergyman once more applied his gustatories, and was sure it had the taste of *sulphur*. I think, retorted his brother in black, that the coffee is good enough—but you have not got the taste out of your mouth since last Sunday.

"Does your husband expectorate?" said an apothecary in Cheltenham, to a poor Irish woman who had long visited his shop for her sick husband.—"*Expect to ate*, yer honor—no sure, and Paddy does *not* expect to ate—he's nothing at all to ate!" The humane man sent a large basin of *nitelure* from a tureen of soup then smoking on the table.

HOUSE & LAND
FOR SALE.

THE subscriber offers for sale the Stand which he now occupies—consisting of a good two-story *DWELLING-HOUSE*, well finished, and in good repair—containing four Rooms on the floor, four Chambers, and a good Cellar. A WOOD-HOUSE, BARN, and a two-story *STORE*, all finished. A good rain-water Cistern, and a Well of water under cover. Three fourths of an acre of LAND, including a Garden, &c.

Also, the West part of Lot numbered 15, in the 6th Range of lots in Paris, containing fifty-four acres, well walled in, and is excellent grass and tillage Land.

Also, seven small Lots of *LAND*—containing from ten to twenty-one acres each—a part of which is as good and well wooded as any in town, the other is good pasturage and tillage land, and is well fenced on the road. Said Land is a part of Lot numbered 11, in the Fourth Range of Lots in Paris.

Likewise, one and a fourth acre of *LAND*, situated about three fourths of a mile from the Court-House in Paris, on which is an excellent stream of water, with a good fall, which, with a very little expense, might be converted into one of the best situations for a tanner, in the County.

The above property will be sold either together or separately, as will best suit the purchaser, and on terms which cannot fail to please. For further information, please call on the subscriber.

A plan of the above property may be seen by calling on ASA BARTON, Esq. at the *Orford Bookstore*.

RUSSELL HUBBARD.

INSURANCE.

THE subscriber having been appointed Agent of the

NEW-ENGLAND
Fire Insurance Company,

incorporated for the express purpose of insuring against losses or damage by fire, with a Capital of *two hundred thousand dollars*, is now ready to receive proposals for insurance, at a very low rate of *premiums*—so that people may have perfect security from that kind of loss which the greatest care and attention cannot always prevent, and which frequently reduces, at once, affluent and independent families to poverty and distress.

Payment for all losses will be made within thirty days after the loss shall be ascertained and proved without any deduction whatever.

Paris, Jan. 16, 1826. ASA BARTON.

COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE.

WE the subscribers having been appointed by the Hon. BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge of Probate, to receive and examine the claims of the creditors to the estate of DAVID SESSIONS, late of *Andover Surplus*, in said County, deceased, represented insolvent, do hereby give notice, that six months are allowed to said creditors to bring in and prove their claims; and that we shall attend that service at AMOS HILLS, Esqr. of Newry, on the first Tuesday of March, first Tuesday of May and the first Tuesday of July, at one of the clock, P. M.

ELI TWITCHELL, } *Commissioners.*
AMOS HILLS, }

Dated at Bethel, January 27, 1826. 65

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.....*Newry.*

NOTICE is hereby given to the non-resident Proprietors and owners of the following lots of Land, in the town of Newry, County of Oxford, that they are taxed in the bills committed to me the subscriber, Collector of said town of Newry, for the years 1824 and 1825, in the respective sums following, to wit:

Owners' Names.	No. of Lots.	Range.	No. Acres.	Value.	State, Town and County Tax.	Deficiency of Highway Tax.	Total.
				$	$ c		
Simeon Bailey,	3	4	200	100	11 52		
—— Moody,	3	5					
Steph. Randall,	2	4	100	50	5 76		
	1	4	100	50	5 76		
1825.	No. of Lots.	Range.	No. Acres.	Value.	State, town and County Tax.		Dfcit. of highway Tax for 1824.
				$	$ c		$ c
Simeon Bailey,	3	4	200	1 00	1 70		
—— Moody,	3	5					
Steph. Randall,	2	4	100	50	0 86		1 05
	1	4	100	50	0 86		1 05

Unless said taxes and all intervening charges are paid to me the subscriber, on or before *Saturday* the *twenty-fifth day of March next*, so much of said land as will satisfy the same, will then be sold at Public Vendue at the School-house in the South District in said Newry, at one of the clock in the afternoon of said day.

ANDREW N. STOW,
Collector of Newry.

Newry, Feb. 7, 1826. 65

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.....*Bethel.*

NOTICE is hereby given to the proprietors of the Lands herein after mentioned, in the town of Bethel, County of Oxford, that the same are taxed in the bills committed to me the subscriber, for collection, for the State, County and Town, and School Taxes for 1825, and for deficiency of Highway Tax for 1825, in the respective sums following, to wit:

Proprietor's names.	Range.	No. of Lot.	No. of Acres.	State & Co. Tax.	Town & School Tax.	Deficiency of Highway Tax.	Total.
				c.	c.	c.	
N. Bigsby,	1	9	100	12	26		38
Do.	1	10	100	14	30		44
Unknown,	1	12	100	12	26	84	1 22
J. Walker,	1	13	50	6	13		19
C. Studson,	1	21	100	16	34		50
Unknown,	2	4	100	12	26	84	1 22
Amasa Clark,	2	15	100	12	26	84	1 22
Unknown,	2	16	100	10	21		31
Wm. Reed,	2	17	100	12	26		38
A. Gage,	2	19	100	12	26		38
Wm. Reed,	2	21	100	10	26		36
J. Grover,	2	23	75	10	21		31
E. Richardson,	2	26	100	12	26		38
Wm. Russell,	3	4	100	12	26		38
N. Bigsby,	3	9	100	10	21		31
Unknown,	3	11	100	16	34	29	79
Do.	3	12	100	6	13	53	72
D. Grout,	3	20	100	12	26		38
—— Little,	3	22	20	6	13		19
E. Rowe,	3	24	100	14	30		44
Unknown,	3	26	100	12	26		38
I. Town, agt.	3	27	100	14	30		44
Unknown,	4	3	100	6	17		23
Do.	4	2	100				9
J. Ellenwood,	4	24	50	10	21	30	59
C. Twichell,	4	25	100	12	28	30	61
E. Rowe, agt.	9	20	50	10	21		31
D. Grout,	9	22	100	10	21		31
F. Chapman, agt.	10	25	100	14	30	44	74
Unknown,	10	27	20	3	6		9
Do.	11	20	32			20	20
Do.	11	21	23			20	20
Do.	11	22	20			16	16

Unless said taxes and all necessary intervening charges are paid to me, the subscriber, on or before *Monday* the *twenty seventh day of March next*, so much of said land as will satisfy the same, will then be sold at Public Auction, at the Store of O'NEIL N. ROBINSON, in said Bethel, at one of the clock in the afternoon of said day.

AARON MASON, *Collector.*

Bethel, Feb. 3, 1826. 66

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